

M A Y - D A Y :

OR, THE

LITTLE GIPSY.

[Price One-Shilling.]

MAY - DAY

OF THE

LITTLE GISSY



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OR, THE

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LITTLE GIPSY.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

O F O N E A C T.

TO WHICH IS ADDED THE

THEATRICAL CANDIDATES.

A MUSICAL PRELUDE.

AS THEY ARE BOTH PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi,
in the Strand. 1775.

MAY - DAY:

OF THE

LITTLE GIPSY

A MUSICAL FARCE

IN TWO ACTS

BY HENRY J. WILSON

THEATRICAL CANDIDATES



A MUSICAL FARCE

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE

AND AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, IN DRURY-LANE

OF THE

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this Musical Farce, begs leave to inform the readers, if there should be any, that it was merely intended to introduce the *Little Gipsy* to the public, whose youth and total inexperience of the stage, made it necessary to give as little dialogue to her character as possible, her success depending wholly upon her singing—This reason added to another, which is, that the piece was produced at an early part of the season, when better writers are not willing to come forth, is the best apology the Author can make for its defects.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE Author of this Medical Piece, begs leave to inform the readers, if there should be any, that it was merely intended to introduce the *Art of the Doctor* to the public, whole, and total, inexperience of the large, and it necessarily to give as little thing to her character as possible, her success depending wholly upon her going. This reason added to another, which, that the piece was produced at an early part of the season, when better without it not willing to come forth, is not that they the Author can make for its benefit.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

FURROW, <i>a rich farmer.</i>	Mr. PARSONS.
WILLIAM, <i>his son.</i>	Mr. VERNON.
CLOD, <i>his servant.</i>	Mr. BANNISTER.
DOZEY.	Mr. WESTON.
CRYER.	Mr. WRIGHTEN.

W O M E N.

LITTLE GIPSY.	Miss ABRAMS.
DOLLY.	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

Country Lads and Lasses.

Desmarest's Perforator

MAY-DAY:

OR, THE

LITTLE GIPSY.

SCENE I.

Enter WILLIAM and DOLLY.

WILLIAM.

GO on, dear sister Dolly—And so my sweet girl was brought to the Widow Gadly's, as a relation of her's from Shropshire, and went by the name of Belton?

DOL. Yes, yes—you had not been gone to London two days, before your father and she met in the Widow's garden; I was with him, he was very inquisitive indeed, and was struck with her lively manner; I could hardly get him home to dinner.

WM. Why this was beyond expectation; and so, Dolly—

DOL. Yes, his liking went much beyond my expectation

B

M A Y - D A Y : O R ,

pectation, or your wishes: In a week he fell in love with her, and is at this time a very dangerous rival.

WM. I am sure to have some mischief happen in all my schemes.

DOL. Her singing, and twenty little agreeable fooleries she puts, on have bewitch'd him: Her mimicking the Gipsies has so enchanted him, that he has prevailed upon her to come to the May-pole to-day among the holiday lads and lasses, and tell their fortunes. She has dress'd up herself often and been among 'em, without their knowing who she is—in short, she has bewitch'd the whole village—I am to be there too as her mother—My father will have it so.

WM. So much the better, while you are telling fortunes, I may talk to her without being observ'd; send but a fortune-teller, or a mountebank, among country people, and they have no eyes, and ears, for any thing else: Where is my father now?

DOL. Upon some knotty point with Roger Dozey, the clerk—I must go, and prepare for the frolick: don't be melancholy, Will; the worst that can happen is to marry the girl without your father's consent, turn gipsy with your wife, and send your children to steal his poultry.

WM. But harkee, Dolly, who is to have Mr. Goodwill's May-day legacy? A hundred pounds is a tolerable foundation to build upon—What is become of George, Dolly?

DOL. I have not time to tell you—He is a rogue like the rest of you: But as I have a heart that can make an honest man happy that possesses it, so it has a spirit within it to despise a knave, or a coxcomb.

Would

*Would women do as I do ;
 With spirit scorn dejection,
 The men no arts could fly to,
 They'd keep 'em in subjection :
 But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce is over,
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good night the lover.*

*Would women do as I do,
 No knaves or fools could cheat 'em,
 They'd passion bid good bye to,
 And trick for trick would meet 'em :
 But if we sigh or simper,
 The love-sick farce is over,
 They'll bring us soon to whimper,
 And then good night the lover.*

WM. Well said, Dolly !—but I am afraid in my situation, I must give up all hope.

DOL. Then you'll give up the best friend you have ; make much of her, or with a true female spirit, like mine, she'll leave you the moment you seem to neglect her. *[Exit Dolly.]*

WILLIAM.

*How can my heart rest, when I see from the land,
 Fanny's arms open'd wide to receive me ?
 If hope cast her anchor to fix on the sand,
 The winds, and the waves both deceive me.*

*My love to its duty, still constant and true,
 Tho' of fortune and tempest the sport,
 Shall beat round the shore, the dear object in view,
 'Till it sinks, or is safe in the port.*

SCENE, *a Hall in FURROW's House.**Enter FURROW and DOZEY.*

FUR. Well, but Dozey, think a little, and hear a little before you speak, and understand my question.

DOZ. Put it.—

FUR. You know that Walter Goodwill, Esq. left a legacy of one hundred pounds, to the couple who shall be married upon certain conditions, in this parish, on the first of May.

DOZ. I have 'em in my hand here, a true copy.

FUR. You told me so before.

DOZ. Truth may be told at any time.

FUR. Zounds! hold your tongue or we shall keep talking all day.

DOZ. Keep your temper, which is a better thing.

FUR. But I can't, if you won't hear me.

DOZ. I say nothing, and will say nothing.

[twirling his thumbs.]

FUR. I know you are my friend Dozey, and I have been your friend—I found you a good companion and a scholar, and got you rais'd from sexton to clerk.

DOZ. Necessity! There was but one person more in the parish beside myself who could read, and he stammer'd.

FUR. Well, well, no matter, we shall never come to the point.

DOZ. Never, if you travel out of the way so.

FUR. I say then—

DOZ. And I am silent.

FUR. I am over head and ears in love.

Doz.

THE LITTLE GIPSEY.

Doz. You had better be over head and ears in your horse-pond, for that might cool you—Put no more upon an old horse than he can bear—An excellent saying!

Fur. You put more upon me than I can bear: I want no advice but your opinion. If I marry Fanny Belton, may I demand 'Squire Goodwill's hundred pound legacy?

Doz. I will read it. [*Searching for his spectacles.*]

Fur. Zounds, I have read it a thousand times; and the bellman cries it all about the parish.

Doz. Are you her free choice?

Fur. To be sure I am, as she is mine.

Doz. What age has she?

Fur. About twenty

Doz. Has she her senses perfect?

Fur. To be sure.

Doz. I doubt it!—a girl of twenty marry three-score and five, a free choice, and in her senses, it can't be.

Fur. You are grown old and stupid.

Doz. She must be young and stupid, which is worse.

Fur. May I claim the legacy, if I marry her?

Doz. You say the choice is free?

Fur. I do.

Doz. But is it not *fit*, another of the conditions—The choice must be both *free* and *fit*—Ergo I say you can't have a penny of it.

Fur. Why will you vex me so, Roger Dozey? I am always helping you out of scrapes and difficulties, and why won't you assist me?

Doz. I am getting you out of a scrape now, by preventing your marrying.

Fur. I'll tell you what Roger—there is something so

so perverse about you, that tho' I am your friend, you are always thwarting me.

Doz. Because you're always wrong—You are so blinded with passion, that you wou'd thrust your hand in the fire, if I did not take care that you should not burn your fingers.

Fur, Well, but dear Dozey, you are the fore-horse of this parish, and can lead the rest of the team as you please. Pray now con over this matter by yourself, you shall sit in my little smoaking room, and have a bottle of my best October to help your study, and when you have finished the bottle, and settled your mind with a dram afterwards, meet me at the may-pole, and give your opinion. I shall be there by that time, to claim the girl, and the legacy---If it is mine, a good large fee out of it shall be yours. Remember that.—

[Exit.

Doz. It is the only thing you have said worth remembering—let me see—a large fee, and a good bottle of October will do wonders--and yet to make the union of one and twenty, with sixty-five *fit*, will require more fees than his purse can furnish, and more October than ever was, or ever will be in his cellar—However, not to be rash—I'll drink the bottle, and consider the case.

[Exit.

SCENE

SCENE II.

A Country Prospect,

*A VILLAGE and a MAY-POLE, with a
GARLAND.*

*Lads and Lasses are discover'd dancing, while
others are playing on the ground.*

*After the Dance, they surround the May-Pole and
sing the following*

CHORUS.

*O lovely sweet May!
The first of sweet May!
Spring opens her treasure,
Of mirth, love and pleasure
The earth is dress'd gay,
We see all around, and we hear from each spray,
That nature proclaims it a festival day.*

CLOD. Well sung my lasses—which of you all will have 'Squire Goodwill's legacy? I don't believe that any of you are in the right road to it—it must be turn'd over to the next year, and then I shall marry one of you out of pity, and get double by it.

BET. I'll assure you, Goodman Clod—I would not have you for double, and double, and double—

CLOD. The grapes are sour, Betty—

NAN. What a sin, and a shame is it—that a poor girl should miss such a fine fortune, for want of a sweetheart.

BET.

M A Y - D A Y : Or,

BET. It's a sin, and a shame that there's no young fellow to be had for love or money--The devil is in 'em I believe.

NAN. They are like their betters in London---they marry, as they would do any thing for money---but then they yawn, and had rather let it alone.

CLOD. What the duce, have we got any maccatonies in the country?

BET. Maccatonies! What are them, Clod?

CLOD. Tho'f I saw a power of 'em, when I was up among 'em, yet I hardly know what to make of 'em.---

BET. What were they living creters?

CLOD. Yea, and upon two legs, too---Such as they were.

NAN. What like christians?

CLOD. 'Ecod I don't know what they're alike, not I---they look like something---and yet they are nothing---I heard a person say, I sat next to at the show play (for I would see every thing) that these maccatonies, say themselves they have no souls, and I say they have no bodies, and so we may well say that they look like something, and are nothing, 'ecod.

BET. Come prithee Clod, let's hear all about what you saw in London, and about the fine ladies too, what did they look like pray?

CLOD. Like a hundred things, all in one day, but my song that I got there, will tell you better all about it, than I can.

S O N G

I.

*What's a poor simple clown,
To do in the town,
Of their freaks, and jagaries, I'll none,
The folks I saw there,
Two faces did wear,
An honest man ne'er has but one.*

CHORUS.

*Let others to London go roam,
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.*

II.

*Nay the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as curd, and now red;
Law! how would you stare,
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a haycock o'top of their head!*

CHO. *Let others, &c.*

III.

*Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
An with trinkets about,
With Ribbands and flippers between;
They so noddle and tofs,
Just like a fore horse,
With tassels, and bells in a team.*

CHO. *Let others, &c.*

C

Then

IV.

*Then the fops are so fine,
 With lank wasted chine,
 And a little kimp bit of a bat;
 Which from sun, wind, and rain,
 Will not shelter their brain,
 Tho' there's no need to take care of that.*

CHO. *Let others, &c.*

V.

*" Would you these creatures ape,
 " In looks, and their shape,
 " Teach a calf on his hind legs to go;
 " Let him waddle in gait,
 " A skim-dish on his pate,
 " And he'll look all the world like a Beau.*

CHO. *" Let others, &c.*

VI.

*" To keep my brains right,
 " My bones whole and tight,
 " To speak, nor to look, would I dare;
 " As they bake they shall brew,
 " Old Nick and his crew,
 " At London keep Vanity Fair.*

CHO. *" Let others, &c.*

ALL. Well sung, Clod—

BET. But, tell us, Clod—how did young Will Furrow behave in London?—he rak'd it about, I suppose, and that makes him so scornful to us.

CLOD. Poor lad! he was more mop'd than I was; he's not scornful—His Father, shame upon him, cross'd him in love, and he sent him there to forget it.

NAN. And he ought to be cross'd in love; what does he mean by taking his love out of the parish? if he

he has lost one there, he may find another here, egad, and I had lik'd to have said a better.

CLOD. Ay, but that's as he thinks---if he loves lamb, he won't like to be cramm'd with Pork---
Ha, ha, ha!

BET. His father wou'd send him to the market town to make a schollard of him, which only gave him a hankering to be proud, to wear a tucker and despise his neighbours.

CLOD. Here he comes, and let him speak for himself---he looks as gay as the best of us.

Enter WILLIAM.

WM. My sweet lasses, a merry May to you all---I must have the priviledge of the day---Kisses and the first of May have ever gone together in our Village, and I hate to break thro' a good old custom.

[Kisses'em]

BET. Old customs are good all the year round, and there can't be a better than this---

[Curtsy's and Kisses him.]

[The tabor and pipe is heard.]

CLOD. Come, come, adon with your kissing, for here comes the cryer to proclaim 'Squire Goodwill's legacy.

Enter CRYER, tabor and pipe playing.

CRY. O yes! O yes! O yes! Be it known to all lads lasses of this Village of Couple-Well, that George Goodwill, Esq; late of Bounty-Hall, in this County, has made the following bequest---You, my lads, open your ears, and you, my lasses, hold your tongues, and hear his worship's legacy.

CLOD. Silence---Silence.

CRY.

CRYER, reads.

*Is there a maid, and maid she be,
But how to find her out, who knows?*

CLOD. Who knows indeed!

CRY. Silence, and don't disturb the court.

*Is there a maid, and maid she be, [reads.
But how to find her out, who knows?
Who makes a choice that's fit and free,
To buy the wedding cloaths;
If such rare maid and match be found,
Within the Parish bound,
The first of May,
Shall be the day,
I give this pair a hundred pound,
God save the King!*

[Exit Cryer, the lads and lasses buzzing!

WM. Well, my good girls, and which of you is to have the hundred pound legacy?

NAN. Any of us, if you will give us a right and title--what say you to that Mr. William? The money ought not to go out of the parish.

BET. Ay come now--here are choice; you must be very nice indeed, if one of us, and a hundred pound won't satisfy you.

CLOD. 'Ecod but he knows a trick worth two of that. *(aside.)*

BET. Well, what say you, Mr. Will?

WM. I like you all so well, that I can't find in my heart to take one of you without the others.

NAN. What, would you make a great Turk of us, and live like a heathen in a serallery?

WM

WILLIAM.

I.

Yes, I'll give my heart away,
To her will not forsake it,
Softly maidens, softly pray,
You must not snatch,
Nor fight, nor scratch,
But gently, gently take it.

II.

Ever constant warm and true,
The toy is worth the keeping,
'Tis not spoild with fashions new;
But full of love,
It will not rove—
The corn is worth the reaping.

III.

Maidens, come, put in your claim,
I will not give it blindly:
My heart a lamb, tho' brisk is tame;
So let each lass,
Before me pass,
Who wins, pray use it kindly.

IV.

All have such bewitching ways,
To give to one would wrong ye;
In turns to each my fancy strays;
So let each fair,
Take equal share,
I throw my heart among ye.

CLOD.

CLOD. You may as well throw your hat among 'em, Master William; these lasses cannot live upon such slender fare, as a bit of your heart.

WM. Then they must fast, Clod; for I have not even a bit of my heart to give them. (*aside.*) What in the name of May, neighbours, comes tripping thro' Farmer Danby's gate, and looks like May from top to toe.

CLOD. As I hope to be marry'd 'tis the Little Gipsy that has got a bit of your father's heart; aye, and a good bit too, and holds it fast.

JEN. I'll be hang'd if she's not going to the Grange now—Your father casts a sheep's eye at her—He hinders his own son from wedding lawfully, while he is running after this Little Gipsy—I hope she'll run away with his silver tankard.

WM. Upon my word I think my father has a good taste. How long has she been amongst you? who is she? what is she? and whence comes she?

JEN. That we neither know, nor can guess—She always comes out of 'Squire Grinly's Cople, but nobody knows how she gets there—Clod dog'd her t'other night, but she took care to throw something in his eyes, that struck fire, and half blinded him.

CLOD. Ay, feath, did she; and while I was rubbing 'em, she vanished away, and left me up to my middle in a bog.

WM. Poor Clod! you paid dearly for peeping.

BET. I wish she would sing! she is a perfect nightingale.

WM. Hush! hark! I hear something—let's go back, or she may be sham'd fac'd—She's very young, and seems very modest—True merit is always bashful, and should never want for encouragement: She comes this way—let us keep back a little.

(*They retire.*

Enter

Enter LITTLE GIPSY.

GIPSY.

*Hail, Spring! whose charms make nature gay,
O breathe some charm on me,
That I may bless this joyful day,
Inspir'd by Love, and thee!*

*O Love! be all thy magic mine,
Two faithful hearts to save;
The glory as the cause be thine,
And heal the wounds you gave.*

What a character am I oblig'd to support? I shall certainly be discover'd---the country folks I see are retir'd to watch me, and my sweet heart among 'em---I am more afraid of a discovery from these, than from wiser people---Cunning will very often overshoot the mark, while simplicity hits it. I must rely upon my dress and manner---if I can but manage to tell other people's fortune, tho' but falsely, I may really make my own.

CLOD. She mutters something to herself; I wish I could hear what she is maundring about.

WM. Fortune-tellers always do so---the devil must be always talk'd to very civilly, and not loud, or he won't be at their elbow.

CLOD. Lord bless her, there's no harm in her---I wish I was the devil to be so talk'd to.

GIP. What a frolick have I begun! should I succeed, our present distress will double our succeeding happiness---
(*The country people come forward.*)

You

Your servant, pretty maids, and to you also young men, if you are good, for naughtiness, they say, has found its way into the country—I hope none of you have seen it.

WM. O, yes; I have seen enough of it, it hangs about one like a pest; and for fear my cloaths should be infected, I order'd that they should be burnt before I left London.

CLOD. Ay, ay, wickedness there sticks to a body like pitch.

GIP. Then I'll fly away from the infection. (*going.*)

WM. No, no, you little Gipsy, that won't do, we must hear that sweet voice again, and have our fortunes told before you go away.

(*They lay hold upon her.*)

JEN. I vow, neighbours, I think I have seen this face before.

GIP. It is not worth looking upon a second time.

WM. Indeed but it is, I could look at it for ever.

CLOD. 'Ecod and so could I, and buss it into the bargain.

BET. Law, don't make such a fuss with the poor girl, as if nobody was worth kissing but a Gipsy—sing away, child, and don't mind 'em.

GIP. No more I will, mistress. (*Curtseys.*)

GIPSY.

THE LITTLE GYPSY. 17

G Y P S Y.

I.

spread thy rich mantle, sweet May, o'er the ground,
Drive the blasts of keen winter away;
Let the birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rets smile round,
And let us with all nature be gay.

II.

Let spleen, spight, and envy, those clouds of the mind,
Be dispers'd by the sunshine of joy;
The pleasures of Eden had bless'd human kind,
Had no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

III.

As May with her sunshine can warm the cold earth,
Let each fair with the season improve;
The widows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
And hard-hearted maids yield to love.

IV.

With the treasures of spring, let the village be dress'd,
Its joys let the season impart;
Then rapture swells high, and o'erflows from each breast,
'Tis the May of the mind and the heart.

D

Wm.

WM. Now you have charm'd our ears one way, my sweet Gipsy, delight our hearts by telling us our fortunes.

CLOD. Here are fine cross doings in my hond.

(shewing it.)

JEN. Pray look into mine first. *(Cleaning her hand)*

DOL. Here's a hand for you, Gipsy!

(shewing hers.)

GIP. I never saw a worse in all my life; bless me! here is—it frights me to see it!

DOL. Then I am sure it will fright me to hear it, so I'll stay till another time.

WM. Little pretty Gipsy, what say you to mine?

GIP. *(Looking into his hand)* You have a dozen lasses in love with you, and are in love with none of 'em.

CLOD. There's a little witch for you!

WM. There you are out, Gipsy; I do love one truly and sincerely.

GIP. As much as you love me—don't believe him, lasses—Come, come, let me see your hand again—by the faith of a Gipsy, you are in love, and the lads that you love—

ALL. Who is she?

(Getting about her.)

GIP. She is in this parish, and not above twenty yards from the maypole.

CLOD. The dickens she is! who? who is it?

(All looking out.)

WIL. Say no more, Gipsy; you know nothing at all of the matter; you should be whip'd for fibbing.

CLOD. And I'll be the constable; but 'ecod I would not hurt her.

GIP. Ay, but I do know, and she is about my size.

(They all measure with her.)

WM. Hold your tongue I say—here comes your mother I suppose.

Enter

Enter DOLLY, like an old Gipsy.

DOL. What, did you run away from me you little baggage? Have I not warn'd you from wandering in the fields by yourself these wicked times?

GIP. Pray, mother, don't be angry; the morning was so fine, the fields so charming, and the lads and lasses so merry, I could not stay at home, and I knew you'd come limping after——

DOL. Huffy, huffy! have not I told you, that when the kid wanders from its dam, the fox will have a breakfast.

CLOD. 'Ecod, and a good breakfast too—it makes my mouth water.

DOL. I don't much like the company you are in—who is that young rake there?

WM. One that hates kid, mother, and is only giving your daughter a little good advice.

DOL. Indeed the young fellows of this age are not so rampant as they were in my days.—Well, my lads and lasses, who among you longs to know their fortunes? I am the oldest, and the best fortune-teller under the sun.

(They all gather about her.)

WM. Now, my dear little Gipsy, you must tell me my fortune. *(They retire, and the rest get about Dolly.)*

JEN. Now for it, mother,

DOL.

DOLLY.

Young maids, and young swains, if you're curious to know,
 What busbaads you'll have, and what wives;
 From above I can know, what you'll do here below,
 And what you have done all your lives:

Don't blush and don't fear,
 As I'm old I am wise,
 And I read in your eyes—
 I must whisper the rest in your ear.

If you, a false man, should betray a fond maid,
 I'll read what the stars have decreed;
 If you, a fond maid, should be ever betray'd,
 You'll be sorry that page I should read.

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

If youth weds old age, tho' it wallows in gold,
 With satins, and silks, and fine watch;
 Yet when for base gold, youth and beauty is sold,
 The devil alone makes the match.

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

" If an old man's so rash, to wed a young wife,
 " Or an old woman wed a young man;
 " For such husband and wife, I read danger and strife,
 " For nature detests such a plan.

" Don't blush, and don't fear, &c."

CLOD.

CLOD. There's a flap o'the chops for old measter,
'ecod, I wish he was here to take it.

JEN. But now, come to particulars, goody Gipsy.

NAN. Ay, ay, to particulars, we must have particulars.

CLOD. Ay, zooks, let's understand your gibberish.

DOL. Let me sit down upon the bench under yonder tree, and I'll tell you all I know.

CLOD. And he that desires to know more is a fool—come along, Dame Deal-Devil.

(They retire with Dolly, and then William and Gipsy come forward.)

WM. May heaven prosper what love has invented,
and may this joyful day finish our cares for ever!

D U E T T O.

WILLIAM and GIPSY.

*Passion of the purest nature,
Glow's within this faithful breast,
While I gaze on each lov'd feature,
Love will let me know no rest.*

*Thus the ewe her lamb careffing,
Watches with a mother's fear,
While she eyes her little blessing,
Thinks the 'cruel wolf is near.*

FUR. (*without*) Where is the Gipsy? where is my little Gipsy, I say?

WM. The wolf is near indeed, for here comes my father.

GIP. What shall we do?

Enter FURROW.

FUR. Where are the lads and lasses, and what are you two doing here alone?

WM. Had I my will, we should not long have been here alone: I would have put her into the hands of the constable, and sent her to her parish.

(*Gipsy looks grave.*)

FUR. She has cheated him too---that's excellent! this is a rare frolic, faith (*aside.*) You send her to the constable, you booby!--I should have put you in the stocks if you had, Sirrah--don't be grave, my little pretty Gipsy, that bumkin shan't hurt you---what a fine may-game this is!--I love her more than ever!--I'll marry her to-day, and have the hundred pounds too--- (*aside.*)

GIP. I'll go home directly, I can't bear to see that young man look so cross (*going.*)

FUR. You shall go to my home, my dainty sweet Gipsy, and make him look crosser.

WM. I wonder, father, you are not ashamed of yourself, to be impos'd upon by such a little pilfering creature, she ought to be whip'd from village to village, and made an example of.---

FUR. How the fool is taken in!--I'm out of my wits (*aside.*) I'll make an example of you, rascal, if you don't speak more tenderly to that lady.

WM. Lady! a fine lady! ha! ha! ha!

GIP. Don't put yourself into a rage with him, he is mad they say, mad for love.

FUR.

FUR. So am I too---I am his father, and have more right to be mad than he has.

WM. A lady!---A Gipsy lady!---ha, ha, ha!

FUR. And what is more, Mr. Impudence, she shall be my lady---and then what will you say to that, rascal?

WM. That you have got a fine lady.

FUR. Have I given you a good education, you ungrateful whelp you, to laugh at me? Get out of my sight, or I'll spoil your mummery---I will---

(Holding up his stick.)

WM. I am gone, Sir---one word if you please---You prevented me from being happy with the choice of my heart, and to one superior to her sex in every quality of the mind, and now without the excuse of youth on your part, or the least merit on her's---As you have made me miserable with great cruelty, you are going to make yourself so without reason. And so, Sir, I am your's, and that fair lady's very humble servant---Ha, ha, ha!

(Exit William.)

FUR. If I had not resolv'd not to be in a passion this first of May, the festival of our Village, I should have sent him to the bottom of our horse-pond; but I can't help laughing neither, you have done it so feately---How the poor boy was taken in; he! he! he!---fine frolick, faith! And now, Miss, I will open my mind more to you; why should we lose a hundred pounds?---I'll marry you to day---the better day, the better deed.---What say you, my little Gipsy?

GIP. It will make a great noise!

FUR. I love a noise---what is any body good for, without noise---besides we shall be the happiest couple for a hundred miles round.

GIP. Not while your son is miserable---make him happy first, and then nobody can blame you.

FUR.

FUR. What a sweet creature you are ! Don't trouble your head about such a fellow, I'll turn him out of the house to seek his fortune, and so he'll be provided for.

GIP. If he is not happy, I shall be miserable, nor would I be a Queen at the expence of another's happiness, for all the world.

FUR. What a sweet creature you are !---and how happy shall I be; the rascal shall know your kindness to him, and how little he deserves it---it shall be done, and the Village shall know it is all your doings. And here they come ! now for it ! I am ten times happier than I was this morning !

Enter all the Lads and Lasses.

Come, where is my son, where is Scapegrace ?

CLOD. Here, Master William !

Enter WILLIAM.

Here's Scapegrace, Sir.

FUR. Now you shall know what a fine lady this is, or rather how unlike a fine lady she is. This pilferer, wretch, baggage, and so on---she vows not to be made happy till you are so---and so being prevail'd upon by her---and her alone---I give you my consent to marry the girl you were so fond of, or any girl of character, and before all my neighbours here, on this joyful holiday, the first of May, and I likewise consent to give you the Bilberry-farm, to maintain her and my grand children.

WM. If you indulge my inclination, I have no right to find fault with your's---be my choice where it will, you will be satisfy'd.

FUR. More than satisfy'd---I will rejoice at it, and reward it---name the party, boy.

WM.

(The girls stand all round with great seeming anxiety.)

WM. I always did obey you, and will now.

(looking at, and passing by the other girls,

This—this is my choice.

takes the Little Gipsy by the hand.)

CLOD. Zooks! here's a fine over-turn in a horse-pond. *(aside.)*

FUR. He's crack'd, sure!

WM. I was, Sir, and almost broken hearted; but your kindness, consent, and generosity, have made me a man again, and thus we thank you.

(They kneel to him.)

FUR. This is some may-game—do you know her? ---and does she know you?

WM. We have known each other long—this is she father, I saw, lov'd, and was betroth'd to; but your command separated us for a time—in my absence to London, she was here under the name of Belton; you saw her often, and lik'd her, nay lov'd her—it was our innocent device, that you might see her merits, and not think 'em unworthy of your son—You over-run our expectations, and we delay'd the discovery till this, we hope, happy moment.

CLOD. You must forgive 'em, measter.

ALL. To be sure.

FUR. I can't—I am trick'd and cheated—I can't recal the farm; but I can, and I will——

(walks about angrily.)

CLOD. Be more foolish if you please---you have trick'd, and cheated yourself, measter---but heav'n has been kind to you, and set all to rights again——

GIPSY.

(Addressing herself to Furrow.)

I.

*Love reigns this season, makes his choice,
And shall not we with birds rejoice?
O calm your rage, hear nature say,
Be kind with me the first of May.*

II.

*Would you, like misers, hate to bless,
Keep wealth from youth you can't possess?
To nature hark, you'll hear her say,
Be kind with me the first of May.*

III.

*Oh! then be bounteous, like the spring,
Which makes creation sport and sing,
With nature let your heart be gay,
And both be kind this first of May.*

FUR. I won't be fung out of my senses—

Enter DOZEY, drunk.

DOZ. Where is he? where is the bridegroom?
I have it, I have it---October has done it!---it has
inspir'd me! and the legacy shall be old George
Furrow's, or I will never taste October again---I have
got you the money, old boy! (*claps him on the shoulder.*)

FUR. You are got drunk, you old fool, and I don't
want the money. (*sulky.*)

DOZ. What, you are sick of marriage, and don't
want the wife perhaps---did not I tell you, it was not
fit?

fit? was not I *free* enough to tell you so?---it is not *fit*.

FUR. This drunken old fool compleats my misery.

DOZ. Old fool! what Mr. Pot, do you abuse your friend kettle?---old fool am I?---now judge, neighbours—I have been drinking *October* to make this a joyful May-Day, and he wants to marry a young girl to turn it into sackcloth and ashes—who's old fool now?

FUR. Take him away.

DOZ. I shall take myself away---Lasses, if any of you long for the legacy, and are not engag'd, I am your man—that old fellow, there, would have married a child in sober sadness; but I have been courting a good bottle of *October*, and now, having lost my senses, I am *free* and *fit* to marry any body—

(*Exit reeling.*)

ALL. Ha, ha, ha!

FUR. Where's Dolly?—was she in this plot?

WM. In that part of it you gave her: she perform'd the old Gipsy to a miracle, as these lasses can testify, and then went home to prepare the May feast.

FUR. I will have no feast. (*sulky.*)

JEN. Was she the old Gipsy?

BET. It is all a dream to me!

FUR. I can't come to rights again.—

(*The lads and lasses push the Gipsy and William towards him, saying—to him, to him.*)

CLOD. Never was known such a thing as ill-nature and unkindness in our village, on the first of May, for these ten thousand years.

CLOD.

F I N A L E.

C L O D.

*Shall our hearts on May-day,
 Lack and a well a day!
 Want their recreation?
 No, no, no, it can't be so,
 Love with us must bud and blow,
 Unblighted by vexation.*

W I L L I A M.

*Shall a maid on May-day,
 Lack and a well a day!
 Die of desperation?
 No, no, no, for pity's sake,
 To your care a couple take,
 And give 'em consolation.*

G I P S Y.

*Shall a youth on May-day,
 Lack and a well a day!
 Lament a separation?
 No, no, no, the lad is true,
 Let him have of love his due,
 Indulge his inclination.*

F U R R O W.

*Shall my heart on May-day,
 Lack and a well a day!
 Refuse its approbation?
 No, no, no, within our breast,
 Rage, revenge, and such like guests,
 Shou'd ne'er have habitation.*

WILLIAM

WILLIAM and GIPSY.

*We no more on May-day,
O, what a happy day!
Shall never know vexation:
No, no, no, your worth we'll sing,
Join your name to bounteous spring,
In kind commemoration!*

GRAND CHORUS.

*" Cold winter will fly,
" When spring's warmer sky,
" The charms of young nature display;
" When the heart is unkind,
" With the frost of the mind,
" Benevolence melts it like May."*

END OF MAY-DAY.

THE

WILLIAM C. GIBBS

We were on the
 O, what a day!
 And what a day!
 We were on the
 O, what a day!
 And what a day!

THE LITTLE GIRL

We were on the
 O, what a day!
 And what a day!
 We were on the
 O, what a day!
 And what a day!

THE LITTLE GIRL

THE
Theatrical Candidates:

A
MUSICAL PRELUDE,

UPON THE
OPENING AND ALTERATIONS

OF THE
T H E A T R E.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N,

MERCURY,

Mr. VERNON,

HARLEQUIN,

Mr. DODD,

W O M E N,

TRAGEDY,

Mrs. SMITH,

COMEDY,

Mrs. WRIGHTEN,

Followers of Tragedy, Comedy, and Harlequin.



T H E

THEATRICAL CANDIDATES.

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY.

I, God of Wits and Thieves—birds of a feather,
 (For Wit and Thieving often go together)
 Am sent to see this House's transformation,
 Ask if the Critics give their approbation,
 Or as in other cases——“Yawn at alteration.”
 Old Lady Drury, like some other ladies,
 To charm by false appearances, whose trade is,
 By help of paint, new boddice, and new gown,
 Hopes a new face to pass upon the town:
 By such like art, stale toasts and Maccaronies,
 Have made out many a Venus and Adonis:
 To business now—Two Rival Dames above,
 Have pray'd for leave to quit their father Jove;
F
And

And hearing in the papers—we have there,
Morning and *Evening* as you have 'em here;
Juno loves scandal, as all good wives do,
 If it be fresh, no matter whether true;
Momus writes paragraphs, and I find squibs,
 And *Pluto* keeps a press to print the fibs:
 Hearing this house was now made as good as new,
 And thinking each that she was sure of you;
 They came full speed, these Rival Petticoats,
 To canvas for your int'rest and your votes:
 They will not join, but sep'rate beg your favour,
 To take possession and live here for ever.
 Full of their merits, they are waiting near;
 Is it your pleasure that they now appear?
 I'll call 'em in; and while they urge their claims,
 And Critics, you examine well the dames,
 I'll to *Apollo*, and beg his direction;
 The God of Wisdom's new at an election!

S O N G.

*Hark! the pipe, the trumpet, drum;
 See, the Sister Muses come!*

*'Tis time to haste away!
 When the female tongues begin,
 Who has ears to hear the din,
 And wings to fly, will stay?
 I'll away, I'll away.*

*When the female tongues begin,
 Who has ears to hear the din,
 And wings to fly, will stay?*

[runs off]

Enter

Enter TRAGEDY and Followers to a March.

TRAG. Britons, your votes and int'rest, both I
claim,
They're mine by right, — MELPOMENE my name.

S O N G,

*If still your hearts can swell with glory,
Those passions feel, your Sires have known;
Can glow with deeds of ancient story,
Or beat with transport at your own!*

*Success is mine,
My rival must resign,
And here I fix my empire, and my throne!*

*My nobler pow'rs shall Britons move,
If Britons still they are;
And softer passions melt the fair,
To pity, tenderness and love!*

My merits told—who dares contend with me?

Enter COMEDY and Followers.

COM. I dare, proud Dame; my name is COMEDY!
Think you, your strutting, straddling, puffy pride,
Your rolling eyes, arms kimbo'd, tragic stride,
Can frighten me?—Britons, 'tis yours to chuse,
That murd'ring lady, or this laughing muse?
Now make your choice;—with smiles I'll strive to
win ye:

If you chuse Her, she'll stick a dagger in ye!

S O N G.

S O N G.

*'Tis wit, love, and laughter, that Britons controul,
 Away with your dungeons, your dagger and bowl;
 Sportive humour is now on the wing!*

*'Tis true comic mirth,
 To pleasure gives birth,
 As sunshine unfolds the sweet buds of the spring:
 No grief shall annoy,
 Our hearts light as air,
 In full tides of joy,
 We drown sorrow and care:*

Away with your dungeons, &c.

TRAG. Such flippan't flirts, grave Britons will
 despise,

COM. No but they wont;—they're merry and are
 wise:

TRAG. *You* can be wise too; nay a *thief* can be!
 Wise with stale sentiments all stol'n from me:
 Which long cast off, from my heroic verses,
 Have stuff'd your motley, dull sententious farces:
 The town grew sick!

COM. For all this mighty pother,
 Have you not laugh'd with one eye, cry'd with t'other?

TRAG. In all the realms of nonsense, can there be,
 A monster, like your comic-tragedy?

COM. O yes, my dear!—your tragic-comedy. }

DUETTO.

D U E T T O.

TRAG. *Wou'd you lose your pow'r and weight?
With this flirt-gill, laugh and prate.*

COM. *Let this lady rage and weep;
Wou'd you chuse to go to sleep?*

TRAG. *You're a thief, and whip'd shou'd be.*

COM. *You're a thief, have stahn from me.*

BOTH. { *Ever distant will we be.
Never can, or will agree.*

TRAG. I beg relief——such company's a curse!

COM. And so do I——I never yet kept worse?

TRAG. Which will you chuse?

COM. Sour Her, or smiling Me?

There are but two of us.

Enter HARLEQUIN, &c.

HAR. O yes, we're three!

Your votes and int'rest, pray, for me! [*to the pit.*]

TRAG. What fall'n so low to cope with thee?

HAR. Ouy, Ouy!

COM. Alas, poor We!

[*shrugs her shoulders and laughs.*]

HAR. Tho' this maid scorns me, this with passion
flies out,

Tho' you may laugh, and you may cry your eyes out;

For all your airs, sharp looks, and sharper nails,

Draggled you were, till I held up your tails:

Each friend I have above, whose voice so loud is,

Will never give me up for two such dowdies;

She's grown so grave, and *she* so cross and bloody,

Without my help, your brains will all be muddy:

Deep

38 THE THEATRICAL CANDIDATES.

Deep thought, and politicks, so stir your gall,
When you come here, you should not think at all;
And I'm the best for that; be my protectors!
And let friend *Punch* here talk to the electors.

I.

*Shou'd Harlequin be banish'd hence,
Quit the place to wit and sense,
What wou'd be the consequence?* }

*Empty houses,
You and spouses,
And your pretty children dear,
Ne'er wou'd come,
Leave your home,
Unless that I came after;
Frisking here,
Whisking there,
Tripping, skipping, ev'ry where,
To crack your sides with laughter.*

II.

*Tho' Comedy may make you grin,
And Tragedy move all within,
Why not poll for Harlequin?* }

*My patch'd jacket,
Makes a racket,
O, the joy when I appear!
House is full!
Never dull!
Brisk, wanton, wild and cleaver!
Frisking here,
Whisking there,
Tripping, skipping, every where,
Harlequin for ever!*

Enter

Enter MERCURY, out of breath.

MER. Apollo, God of wisdom and this Isle,
Upon your quarrel Ladies deigns to smile;
With your permission, Sirs, and approbation,
Determines thus, this sister altercation.—

You, Tragedy, must weep, and love and rage,
And keep your turn, but not engross the stage;
And you, gay madam, *gay* to give delight,
Must not, turn'd prude, encroach upon her right:
Each sep'rate charm: *you* grave, *you* light as feather,
Unless that Shakespear bring you both together;
On both by nature's grant, that Conq'rour seizes,
To use you *when*, and *where* and *how* he pleases:

For you, Monsieur! (*to Har.*) whenever farce or
song,

Are sick or tir'd---then you, without a tongue,
Or with one if you please---in Drury-Lane,
As Locum Tenens, may hold up their train.

Thus spoke Apollo—but he added too,
Vain his decrees untill confirm'd by you!

[*to the audience.*]

SONG AND CHORUS.

MERCURY.

*The Muses may sing and Apollo inspire,
But fruitless their song and his lyre,
Till you shall their raptures proclaim:*

'Tis you must decree,
For your praise is the key,
To open the Temple of Fame.

MEL.

THE THEATRICAL CANDIDATES.

MELPOMENE.

*My thunders may roll, and my voice shake the stage;
 But fruitless my tears and my rage,
 Till you shall my triumphs proclaim !
 'Tis you must decree, &c.*

THALIA.

*Tho' poignant my wit, and my satire is true,
 My fable and characters new ;
 'Tis you must my genius proclaim !
 'Tis you must decree, &c.*

HARLEQUIN.

*With heels light as air, tho' about I may frisk,
 No monkey more nimble and brisk,
 Yet you must my merits proclaim ;
 'Tis you must decree,
 You may send me to be,
 Tom Fool to the Temple of Fame.*

F I N I S.